

WEEKLY SHORT STORY

THE AFFAIR OF THE COUNT.

"Of course I do not wish to marry the count," said Miss Bernard, petulantly. "If Aunt Dorinda gave you to understand—" she paused significantly.

"She did give me to understand that the affair was settled," muttered Emory, his gloomy eyes fixed on the flashing sails in the harbor. "In fact, she intimated that Americans cut no ice in the matter."

"Poor auntie loves a title," sighed Jean, ruffling her pretty hair distractedly. "Why couldn't she marry the count herself?"

Emory got upon his feet with sudden alacrity; there was fire in his red brown eyes and determination in the lines of his strong jaw.

"If Miss Leigh marries the count, will you marry me, Jean?" he asked deliberately.

Miss Bernard stared; then she laughed merrily.

"Why not? With auntie's craving for a titled position satisfied, I believe I might—don't you see?" she asked.

Emory's impulsive movement, and sought refuge behind a high-backed chair. "And now be off about your business, Mr. Marriage Broker!"

She smiled derisively at him. Emory picked up his hat and ran down the steps.

"What are your engagements for this evening, Jean?" he asked, calmly.

"The dance at the Bicknells, of course!"

"And Miss Leigh—and the count?"

"They dine with Mrs. Frake and come to the dance afterward."

"I will see you at Bicknell's, Jean; come early, dear," he said brusquely.

"Run away, you bold, bad mere American!" retorted Miss Bernard, saucily; then she watched him as he strode down the path and on to the shore road, a warm laugh in his gray eyes. I would whether auntie married the count or not," she murmured mysteriously.

"Eet ees ze beautifulness of ze evening sat appeals to my lovable soul," gurgled Count Leon Despagne, as he joined Miss Dorinda Leigh on the veranda of the Frake mansion.

Miss Leigh adjusted a lorgnette to her high-bridged nose and peered up at the star-jeweled sky and then over the moonlit bay, with its hundred and fifty lights vaguely indicating the whereabouts of pleasure craft.

"It is very pleasant," she replied practically; "but of course it cannot compare with your own country! The romance, the beauty, the staidness of the old chateau—" she sighed luxuriously.

"Ah—eet ees glorious—ze vale de Loire—ze magnificent chateau Despagne—ah, mademoiselle! What ees all of eet without your beautiful niece! You had been so kind—so gracious—you are quite—sure?" his voice quavered doubtfully.

"There is no doubt about it, count," returned Miss Leigh in a tone of decision. "Of course Miss Bernard is quite thoughtful as she may appear—and I am quite sure—that your affection is reciprocated!"

The count grasped her thin white hand with an ecstatic cry. At that moment a servant approached them.

"A note for Miss Leigh," he said.

Miss Leigh went to the drawing room window and perused the note in the stream of light that sifted through the lace draperies. When she turned her face was quite white and her hands shook tremulously.

"Order my car around, please," she said to the servant, and as he departed she whispered to the count: "This is terrible! I have just received news that my niece has eloped with that villainous young Emory! Will you join me in the pursuit, dear count?"

"Sacred!" muttered the count, bitterly, as he followed Miss Leigh to the drawing room to make their adieux. Five minutes later they were seated in the tonneau of the huge vehicle and whirling rapidly along the shore road toward the east.

As the miles hurried out from under the tires Miss Leigh grasped scanty particulars of the flight.

"It was an anonymous letter—from some friend—I suppose—they eloped from the Bicknell dance, in this automobile—going toward the east—"

"Zere are so many cars," whispered the count, turning up the collar of his light overcoat, "we cannot identify ze villain." His thin voice shook with rage.

"It is a white car. Watch we are meeting some. None of them are white. I have ordered the Frakes to spare nothing to make the time! The chauffeur, bending low over the steering wheel, let out the speed a little more and the machine swayed from side to side with a sipping, tearing grind that precluded any further conversation.

Watchful and observant, Miss Leigh and her guest sank into silence and an hour passed as they whirled their way through town and village, eluding vigilant constables, with reckless dare-devilry on the part of Francois, who was drunk with lust for speed. On the outskirts of the city Miss Leigh ordered him to slow down, and presently the machine panted motionless at the road-side while Miss Leigh and the count took counsel together.

At that instant, out of the darkness behind them, there shot a triangular ray of light and a white car swooped down and stopped beside them.

"O, Aunt Dorinda! How could you!" came Jean's reproachful young voice.

"Count! I am sure you can make some explanation!" thundered Emory in a censorious tone.

"How could I, what? What do you mean, Jean? Such impertinence in your part, Mr. Emory! Why—I understood—I received a note saying that you and Jean were eloping, and of course—of course—the count and I were pursuing you!"

"It didn't look like it, Miss Leigh," said Emory, in a muffled voice. "It would be most ridiculous for Jean and me to elope, for Jean is going to marry me, anyway, but as soon as we heard that the count had kidnapped you—"

"Eet ees a lie! I had not done zat thing," vociferated the count's voice out of the darkness; "eet ees ze young mademoiselle zat I love! Without her I am—despairing beggar for life!"

"You are making a scene, count," retorted Miss Leigh, coldly. "As for you, Jean, you have broken my heart; I did not know you were so deceitful! When I spoke about the chateau and—"

"Mademoiselle!" whispered the count with passionate intensity, "why not sonzole my loneliness—and go wiz me? We will enjoy ze pleasure—ze beauty of ze chateau!"

"Why—why," stammered Miss Leigh, confusedly. "Why not?"

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WILSON FEELS LIKE AN INHABITANT

HAMILTON, BERMUDA.—Special. Pres.-elect Wilson Wednesday expressed himself as highly pleased with the cordiality shown him in Bermuda, which reached its climax last night when he was guest of honor at a dinner given at the residence of General, Lieutenant General Sir George Bullock.

"It was rather singular," he said today, "for me to entertain Lady Bullock with stories about Bermuda, but she has been here only three weeks. I felt like an old inhabitant, as I have seen so much of the island."

TURKEY TO RENEW WAR ON BULGARS

Adrianople Is Now Under Siege From Bulgarian Shells—France Joins in Preparations for European Program—Austria Refuses Advice.

VIENNA, Special.—An official dispatch from Constantinople says that a continuation of the Balkan war with Turkey is considered inevitable, as the Grand Vizier and the army officers are all anxious to keep on fighting.

The present outlook for peace is considered very remote.

THINKS BALKANS WEAK.

PARIS, Special.—That Austria is on the eve of war, and that an international conflict is practically inevitable, the negotiations between the Balkan peace conditions are the sensational situation, credited to Count von Berchtold, the Austrian foreign minister, by the Vienna correspondent of the Matin today.

Count von Berchtold is said to have counseled Turkey to continue the war because he regards the conditions of the allied armies as deplorable and incapable of much further effective fighting.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Special. Turkey today rejected the peace proposals of the Bulgarian government when the negotiations between the plenipotentiaries were resumed in the private car formerly owned by Abdul Hamid near Chantilly.

Nazim Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief and war minister, offered counter proposals, which he had been authorized by the Porte to make, and three were taken under consideration by General Savoff, the Bulgarian commander-in-chief, and his two fellow commanders.

That the Bulgars envoys countenanced at all the proffer of Turkish peace conditions indicated that they had been clothed with wider powers by the Sofia government than had been expected.

FRANCE MAKES READY.

PARIS, Special. France Friday began preparing for a European war. Mobilization orders were issued to all the garrisons on the eastern frontier flanking Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Belgium.

Although the step was taken in the guise of "test" mobilization, nevertheless the opinion was general that the war clouds were the worst. There was great activity at the war office.

The Matin's Constantinople correspondent telegraphed his paper that the Turkish ambassador had been instructed by Count von Berchtold, the Austrian foreign minister, that if the peace proposals of the Balkan allies and continue the war.

RUSSIA DETERMINED.

ROME.—Special.—That Russia will stand by Serbia no matter what situation arises in Europe, the Russian ambassador in London today by the Russian ambassador to Italy. In an interview published in the Massacre, the Russian ambassador declared that while he believed war would be averted, nevertheless he expects a convention of the powers will be necessary before there is an adjournment.

ADRIANOPLE RESIEGED.

SOFIA.—Special.—Fire set by Bulgarian shells is raging in several quarters of the besieged city of Adrianople today, and those sections safe from the flames are inundated by the flooded waters of the Maritza, Tunga and Arda Rivers.

Telegrams from the Bulgarian military post at Mustapha Pass say that while the city is thus ravaged by fire and flood and anarchy and famine prevails within, and its fall is expected soon.

Non-combatants who escaped through the lines and Turkish prisoners from the Adrianople front, taken by the Bulgarians during the last week, picture the situation in Adrianople as the blackest that could be produced by war.

Driven from their homes by the flames and the flood, many of the homeless are huddled in the streets exposed to a cold rain which is being falling intermittently for days.

Mutineers are expected, while starving mobs are looting stores to get food.

AUSTRIA INDEPENDENT.

VIENNA, Special.—Austria has rejected Emperor William's proposal to submit the controversy with Serbia to a council of powers, adding a new note of alarm today to a situation already overhauled with perils.

Austria has adopted "hands off" policy, Foreign Minister von Berchtold and Emperor Francis Joseph having arrived at a program by which they are determined to deal directly with Serbia without outside interference.

The dual monarchy has given notice of its willingness to go into an international conference after her quarrel with Serbia is settled, but not before.

Although reports of the safety of M. Prochaska, the Austrian consul at P. Brand, who was reported to have been killed by Serbian troops, removed one obstruction to peace, yet the controversy over Serbian occupation of Adriatic ports and autonomy for Albania are no nearer settlement than before.

ASSEMBLING FLEET.

ST. PETERSBURG, Russia, Special. 27.—Fleets of transports are being assembled by Russia at the naval stations on the Black Sea for the quick movement of troops by water. The frontier posts all along the southern border are being reinforced.

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FROM DEPTH OF DISPAIR

Wonderful Recovery from Almost Fatal Kidney Trouble.

Henderson Yount, Augusta, and Point Sta., Staunton, Va., says: "Every doctor in Staunton was called in on my case and all agreed I would never get well. I was too weak to even turn in bed and to be carried everywhere I went. I went from 220 pounds to 133 pounds. Doan's Kidney Pills were procured for me and soon I felt better. Now I weigh nearly 200 pounds and can do a good day's work."

Mr. Yount is only one of the many thousands that endorse Doan's Kidney Pills. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy, ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Yount had.

50c. all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Prop. "When Your Back Is Lame—Remember the name."

RUSSIAN CONFERENCE.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Special. Sergius Sazonoff, the Russian foreign minister, and General Sukromlinoff, minister of war, held a conference with Czar Nicholas at Tsarskoe-Selo today.

They are said to have reported favorable progress in Russia's preparations for offensive and defensive action in the event of a European war.

While this conference was going on radical Slav members of the opposition in the Duma were in consultation planning an attack upon the government to make it show its hand when the Duma convenes tomorrow.

AMERICANS SAFE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Special. Through W. Stanley Hollis, the American consul general at Beirut, the State Department today received reports from various consuls in Turkish territory that all American citizens in Asiatic Turkey are safe and unmolested.

Except for some excitement among the Mohammedans at Haifa and Adana everything is reported quiet in this region.

The United States cruiser Tennessee, the Navy Department was informed today, has left Malta for Smyrna, where she is expected to arrive on Friday.

INDIAN WARFARE.

ATLANTA, Special.—The retreating Turkish army in Epirus is continuing its depredations. A dispatch from Epirus today stated that twelve villages have been burned within the past few days and many Christians put to the sword after being tortured.

TURKS CONSPIRE.

ALONKA.—Special.—Five hundred Turkish prisoners, formerly soldiers in the Salonika campaign, were taken on a ship today, following discovery of a conspiracy to kill their guard of Greek soldiers and escape.

WOMAN, HURT IN FIRE.

IN ENOCH ARDEN'S ROLE

GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.—Special.—Mrs. Sidney Gordon, of West Grand Rapids, has mourned her mother as dead for nine years, supposing she had perished in the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago, that day Mrs. Mayhew or Maxfield, as her name was at that time, attended the matinee with a friend. When the fire started she was separated. The friend escaped uninjured, but no trace of Mrs. Maxfield was found. A charred skeleton, wearing a ring bearing her initials, was accepted as evidence that she had perished.

Mrs. Maxfield thought best to conceal her identity under an assumed name. She became a patient of the hospital and her existence probably would never have been discovered were it not for the settlement of an estate in which she was identified. She is visiting her daughter.

GOVERNOR DIX

PATRICK

After a Flight of Twelve Long Years Prisoner Is Given His Liberty. Murdered Aged Millionaire.

NEW YORK, Special. Albert T. Patrick, who has been fighting for his identity for years with letters and telegrams in Patrick's name, was convicted of the murder of the aged millionaire, William Marsh Rice, on September 10, 1902. The prisoner was sent from Albany to Sing Sing prison.

Since being saved from the electric chair by Governor Higgins in December, 1902, Patrick has been a spectacle for his life. Patrick is now in Sing Sing prison, and Warden Rice will probably receive Governor Dix's pardon this morning.

Many of the persons throughout the United States who have been deluged with letters and telegrams in Patrick's name, and who have been threatened with a similar fate, are now addressed to Sing Sing.

Chief chronology in Patrick case: September 23, 1900, Rice murdered.

October 3, 1900, Patrick and C. F. Jones, Rice's valet, arrested for forgery.</